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LOWTHER BAZAAR.

WE may safely affirm that there is no city in the world which has of late years changed so much in external appearance as London. So much so indeed has its aspect been metamorphosed, that, if our fathers were to leave their clayey tenements, and figure again in the streets of the metropolis, they would be apt to exclaim with the bard—

"Mine eyes deceive me!
Or could my senses so far have erred?"

For they would find that where those humble houses stood in which they had been born, brought up, and died, now stands dwellings like palaces in structure, to which art has lent all its aid to gild and ornament.

Among the many changes which are continually taking place in the houses of London, that of the Lowther Bazaar, perhaps, is one of the most important, as it may be said to be of a public nature, and such alterations always add to comfort and amusement.

It is about ten years since this establishment was first opened, and so far was it successful, that the original firm, after being in it for seven years, retired from business.

From the enterprising spirit of the present proprietor, who has had it for the last three years, there is every reason to believe that he will be equally successful, for, from the alteration which has been made, and from the plans which he intends putting into practice, he will render this an amusing and interesting lounge; insuring to purchasers, as formerly, the best articles at a reasonable price, and offering to the curious an inspection of the magic cave, with beautiful cosmographic views. He also proposes to have music in the evening.

Our readers may form an idea of this splendid establishment by examining the engraving accompanying this article. The design of this improvement, which was drawn by M. Rendell, architect, of Suffolk-street, presents a beautiful specimen of ornamental street architecture. The ground-floor, which is fourteen feet high,

twenty-two feet broad, and seventy-seven feet long, and the first-floor, are to be appropriated to the Bazaar.

From what we have seen, we may infer, that when the Lowther Bazaar is lighted up, when music is added to its other attractions, this establishment will become one of the most popular resorts in London. It will be opened on Monday week.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"But weep not, weep not, for the imprison'd just!"
SHEPPARD'S Autumn Dream.

WHERE is thy viewless home, departed shade,
Since from our mortal vision pass'd away?
In some far moon-lit orb's thick peopled glade,
Or resting in the bow'rs of endless day?

With kindred spirits in communion sweet,
Art thou on heaven's high themes discoursing
there;

Or dost thou now some new arrival greet,
In robes of glorious Eden shining fair?

Or does thy voice rise in the swelling choir,
That pure-eyed seraphs hymn before the throne;
To strains of praise and gladness tune thy lyre,
Rejoicing o'er the years of trial gone?

No more, no more life's dark and narrow thrall,
Shall bound thy mental vision's piercing ray;
No more the weight of sorrow on thee fall,
The night is past—the darkness fled away.

Methinks thy "freed and renovated mind"
Sometimes returns, by softening memory's light,
To interests, joys, and hopes, left far behind,
Still lessening to the glad immortal's sight.

I muse on thee, when autumn's dying song
Comes whispering through the dusky hours of eve;
Thy memory steals my midnight thoughts among,
When o'er each vanish'd charm of life I grieve.

When in the vaulted heavens each glittering star,
With far-off radiance, lures the thought away
From earthly things, that false and fleeting are,
To unseen worlds of everlasting day.

Then do I picture friends departed now,
On that calm shore, released from mortal pain;
As morning dawns, the shadows fainter grow,
And all the cares of time return again.

Yet still recurs the wish, at eve, at morn,
As humbly to the throne of grace I bend,
That when life's curtain is from me withdrawn,
My spirit may with thine immortal blend!

ANNE.

Kirlow-Lindsey.

THE ORPHAN OF MARSEILLES.

BY L'ETUDIANT.

(Concluded from page 392.)

Du Croisy read the letter of Martini, and was startled at its contents, which ran thus:—

"Dear Eliza,—I am not now surprised that you defended the honour of your guardian when I was speaking harshly of him, and was coupling his name with all that was selfish and mean. I did not know him; nor could I have believed that so much goodness dwelt in the bosom of man. My poor deceased mother partook of his bounty, and was, perhaps, saved from starvation by his kindness. Ah! if I were to see you again, how differently would I speak of M. Du Croisy, how different my conversation from that of yesterday! I would beseech you to try to forget that ever Martini lived—that ever he loved, and I would beg of you to cherish, with all the fondness of your sensitive heart, that man who has proved himself a father of the fatherless, the protector of a poor, oppressed, and broken-hearted widow. If my prayers could ensure your happiness, and that of your benefactor, you will both be rich in that blessing, so often a stranger to man."

"MARTINI."

Du Croisy, after having read the letter, sat down for a while buried in reflection; then suddenly starting up, he put on his hat, and was shortly afterwards at the door of Martini. The latter was at home, and was surprised at receiving such an unexpected visit.

"Signor Martini," Du Croisy said, "I have a favour to ask; I hope you will grant it."

"My dear sir," Martini replied, "your claims upon my gratitude are of such a nature that I could deny you nothing; I only wish that it may be in my power to serve you."

"You can," Du Croisy said. "Get pen, ink, and paper, and write to my dictation."

"Dear Eliza,—Before leaving Marseilles for ever, I will, with a last faint hope, try to persuade you not to marry a man, who, as a father, might make you happy, as a husband—never! You may guess the strength of my affection; you may think how dearly I loved you when, being wealthy, I wore the badge of poverty; I filled the place of a hireling, to be near the object of my heart. I am not what I appear; instead of being poor, I am rich; and to share my riches with you would be to enjoy an earthly paradise. Fly with me to your native land, for there we shall find a safe retreat. You may trust the bearer of this

letter. If you consent, a coach will pass your door at twelve precisely. Adieu. Yours till death, "MARTINI."

Martini had no sooner finished than, casting a searching look at Du Croisy, he asked if it was his intention to send this letter, filled as it was with temptation, to Eliza.

Du Croisy smiled, and said "that such was his purpose."

"My dear Sir," Martini replied, "if you were to ask my life in gratitude for the kindness which you shewed my mother, I would sacrifice it for you; but to deprive of happiness one dear to me is more than I can do. I am sure you will not ask it of me, if you allow yourself an hour's reflection."

"Young man, I have reflected," Du Croisy said; "but be assured that no harm will come to her."

A boy was then dispatched with the letter, and shortly afterwards brought back the following answer:—

"Sir,—If my affection had been of the warmest nature, your ungrateful request would have turned it to comparative coldness. When I loved Signor Martini, I thought him highminded, noble, and generous, but since he is not so, and wishes to deceive the man to whom, on his mother's account, he ought to be ever grateful, I will try to forget him as unworthy of my remembrance. Think no more of me. "ELIZA WHITEHEAD."

"My sweet Eliza!" Du Croisy exclaimed, on handing the open letter to Martini; "I was indeed a knave to think of sacrificing your happiness to the foolish wish that I had of uniting myself to one so young, so beautiful, so truly worthy. To have you is to possess a treasure; for in thy pure soul is bliss, and in thy strong attachment, an ever faithful, an ever loving companion."

"Now, Signor Martini," Du Croisy continued, "that you have read the letter, what do you think of my little darling?"

"The good opinion," Martini replied, "that I had formed of Miss Whitehead, will barely admit of being enhanced; but I trust you will, in some way, explain the letter before I leave Marseilles."

"Fear nothing," Du Croisy said, "but come with me; you shall see her once more before you set out; and I will give you sufficient time to clear yourself."

As they approached the house, Eliza was sitting at the window: she was surprised at seeing Du Croisy and Martini together; but, as was her custom, she put her book aside, and went to welcome her guardian after his morning's walk. Du Croisy handed her Martini's intercepted letter, and

expressed his desire to see her after she had perused it.

When Eliza had read the letter, she repaired to the library of Du Croisy, where he was seated, with Martini by his side.

"Well, my dear," the bachelor said as she entered, "you have no doubt changed your harsh opinion of Signor Martini; however, if not altogether effected, I will leave you and this good young man together; he will be better able to explain his conduct in my absence."

The lovers, left by themselves, allowed several minutes to elapse without breaking silence. At last Martini begged to be pardoned for the deception which he had played upon her, a request which was immediately granted. After an explanation, and vows of never-dying friendship made, Martini rose to depart. A tear dimmed the eye of poor Eliza as she held out her hand; Martini, with a throbbing heart, pressed it, and was falteringly saying "Farewell," when Du Croisy entered. The latter, on witnessing their agitation, said—

"Come, come! cheer up! your case is not so desperate as you imagine. You love one another, and to separate you might disturb the happiness of both. Give me your hand, my daughter, and you, my son. Now, be happy! but remember, that the same house that shelters the bachelor must be the abode of Eliza and Martini."

Four years after the marriage of the Italian and the fair orphan, business forced me to leave Marseilles, and I called at M. Du Croisy's to take farewell of the family. Happiness had taken up its abode at the fireside of the goodhearted bachelor, and bliss beamed in the face of the inmates of his dwelling. When I entered, he was sitting at the parlour window, with a beautiful boy on his knee, listening to Eliza and Martini, whose rich voices, accompanied by their guitars, filled the air with such sweet sounds, that the birds that flew around their bower ceased warbling their notes of love, and lent an attentive ear to the harmony of the happy pair. On the child perceiving me, he looked in Du Croisy's face, threw his arms round his neck, and lisped, "Look! grandpapa." The bachelor kissed his little favourite, then welcomed me with that warmth of heart which had characterized all his actions.

After an affectionate parting, I left the home of the happy orphan, the land of my birth, and in my weary pilgrimage through life, rendered doubly so by man's inhumanity, my mind often reverted to the kind and happy bachelor. I thought that if, like him, all were void of selfish feelings; if all would forego a little apparent interest to add to the happiness of his fellow-being; the tear of anguish might be changed into the smile of love; the gales of bliss might chase

away the blasts of adversity, and harmony and peace might dwell upon the earth.

CHRISTMAS, AND ITS DECORATIVE PLANTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "Drawing-Room Botany," &c.

It is Christmas day—a blessed day, that brings calmness to the mind, and makes the heart overflow with holy love and gratitude to God, and with benevolence and good-fellowship to all men. On this day all must be friends, everybody must be good-humoured, eat, drink, and be merry. To day we will have no fasting men, and no tee-totalers. Every belly must be well lined with the good roast beef of old England, turkey, sausage, plum-pudding, and mince-pie; and every lip shall sip the juice of the vine, "the merry cheerer of the heart," or shall pour down "potatoes pottle deep" of good home-brewed ale. He who can't sing shall pipe, and he who can't dance shall hop, stand on his head, or do something or other to please the company. Unmarried ladies, not forgetting our favourite old maids, shall be kissed under the mistletoe bough; and no supper for those that skulk from this excellent privilege of the season. There shall be hearty laughter and much frolic in the kitchen, where the "yule log" shall burn on the fire, and the largest bunch of mistletoe and holly shall hang from the beam, while the floor shakes with the Highland reel, the Irish jig, and the English hornpipe; and John, Thomas, Susan, and Ann, shall sing bravely to the fiddle and flute. Christmas comes but once a-year, so pray let us make the most of it. Let every home be cheered with mirth, plenty, and kindness.

"Bring more wood and set the glasses,
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer,
Come, catch it—and kiss the lassies,
Christmas comes but once a-year."

So much for Christmas itself; now for a few remarks on the mistletoe and other plants of the season.

The Druids highly venerated the oak; hence some have supposed that they were so called from *dere*, the Welsh name for this tree. This notion, however, has been twice disproved in the *Mirror*, (see vols. iv. and xi.) They regarded the mistletoe that grew upon it as possessed of many virtuous properties. Mr. Knapp justly observes "that mistletoe should have excited attention in days of darkness and ignorance, is not a subject of surprise, from the extraordinary and obscure manner of its growth and propagation, and the season of the year in which it flourishes; for even Lord Bacon ridicules the idea of its being propagated by the operation of a

bird, [the mistletoe thrush*] as an 'idle tradition,' saying that the sap which produces the plant is such as the 'tree doth exerce and cannot assimilate.' These circumstances, and its great dissimilarity from the plant on which it vegetates, all combine to render it a subject of superstitious wonder†. Pliny in his Natural History tells us that "as the mistletoe of the oak is very scarce and rarely to be found, the Druids, when any of it is discovered, go with great pomp and ceremony on a certain day to gather it. When they have got everything in readiness under the oak, both for the sacrifice and banquet, which they make on this great festival, they begin by tying two white bulls to it by the horns, then one of the Druids, clad in white, mounts the tree, and with a knife of gold, cuts the mistletoe, which is received in a white sagum; this done, they proceed to their sacrifice and feasting." The mistletoe was then dipped in water, and distributed to the people as a preservative against witchcraft and diseases.‡

In the "Edda," we find this fable relative to the mistletoe:—"The god Balder dreamed that his life, though designed for immortality, was threatened with great danger. The gods agreed to discover and prevent the perils Balder so much feared; the goddess Frigga, his mother, was charged with this undertaking, in consequence of which she exacted an oath from fire, water, all metals, stones, earth, fish, from every animal and vegetal, not to injure her son. When this solemn treaty was concluded, the gods assembled, and gave a grand feast, during which they amused themselves by shooting arrows at Balder, throwing stones, lighted torches, and even running at him with swords, being assured nothing could wound him; but Loka, an evil genius, and an enemy to the gods, went, under the figure of an old woman, to ask charity of Frigga, who gave her a hospitable reception, and related the history of her son to this pretended woman. Loka inquired of Frigga if everything in nature, without one exception, had taken the oath in favour of Balder. Frigga answered that she had

omitted one, the mistletoe; but that plant being so weak, she thought it of no consequence, and feared nothing on that account. Loka soon after left Frigga, and immediately cut some of the mistletoe, which he formed into a sharp pointed arrow, and afterwards repaired to the assembly of the gods, where he shot and killed Balder with it. All nature lamented the death of Balder; and the trees, above all, remained a long time inconsolable."

To this day the people of Holnstein and the neighbouring countries name the mistletoe, "The Spectre's Wand," on account of its supposed magical properties. Apuleius has preserved some verses of the ancient poet Lelius, in which the mistletoe is mentioned as one of the things which may make a man a magician.

The passage already quoted from Pliny, informs us that the Druids prized the mistletoe of the oak especially, because it is rarely found on that tree. Modern writers, supposing that because the Druids contrived to find their mistletoe on the oak, which we rarely can, it must have been common upon it, have taken upon themselves to declare that the Druids' mistletoe was a different species from that now found in Britain, and which is the *Viscum album* of Linnæus, and would have us believe that their mistletoe was another plant of the same order, namely, the *Loranthus Europæus*, a native of the tropics, not of Britain. But as the common mistletoe is still occasionally found upon our oaks, there is no reason to doubt that it was the Druidical plant. In the account of the Hundred of Croydon, published in the *Magna Britannia*, we read that former historians notice that "in the wood, called Norwood, belonging to the archbishops, there was anciently a tree, called the vicar's oak, where four parishes meet as it were in a point. It is said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and the other lost an eye."

Lovell, in his "Herbal," published in 1665, only mentions the oak as the tree on which the mistletoe grows. Ray, in his "Synopsis" (third edition), p. 464, says it is found on "the oak, hazel, apple—most frequently, pear, hawthorn, common maple, ash, lime, willow, elm, and service tree." Mr. Dovaston says, in the "Magazine of Natural History," (vol. v. 1832, p. 503,) that he has "only once seen it grow well upon the oak, and that, singular to say, in Anglesea, in the park of the (then) Lord Uxbridge; and, what is more singular, hanging almost over a very grand Druidical cromlech." Hugo Reid says—"The mis-

* The mistletoe thrush (*turdus viscivorus*), called in Sussex and Hampshire the storm-cock, because it sings early in the spring, in blowing and showery weather, frequents plantations and shrubberies in cold weather, to feed on the berries of the mistletoe, ivy, holly, and yew; and the pleasant writer above quoted, says that "should the redwing-thrush (*turdus iliacus*), or the redwing (*T. pilaris*), presume to partake of these with it, we are sure to hear its voice in clattering and contention with the intruders, until it drives them from the place, though it watches and attends, notwithstanding, to its own safety."

† "Journal of a Naturalist," 1830, p. 371.

‡ For the supposed medicinal properties of mistletoe, see Lovell's "Complete Herbal," (Oxford, 1665) p. 183.

tletoe is parasitic on old oaks, apple-trees, and hawthorns."—*The Science of Botany*, (1837, p. 25.) At a meeting of the Horticultural Society, some time ago, Professor Lindley exhibited a specimen of mistletoe from Mr. Loudon, which had been found on the oak; from which circumstance the professor said he had no doubt it was the same species as that employed by the Druids.

William Westmacott, an old Staffordshire physician, says, in his rare and gossiping little book, entitled "*Historia Vegetabilium Sacra*; or, a *Scripture Herbal*" (London, 1694):—"Mistletoe grows on many other trees besides the oak; I have used that of the *hawthorn* in the vertigo, stupidity, and dulness of the head and intellectuals, in a decoction, and found it excellent. Mistletoe of hawthorn and *crab-tree*, I tasted this summer in Gloucestershire, bitterish and acrid, its acrimony overcometh its bitterness. Sir J. Floyer saith, the virtues of the tree and mistletoe so much differ, that it cannot be better on one tree than another; he could find no excellency in that of the oak above others. It tastes bitter, astringent, hot, and acrid, by which it is good for the epilepsy: it ought to be given forty days. I never had it so as to be able to say it was the mistletoe of the oak, so never experienced it; but some say they have cured the falling sickness with it; and the famous Mr. Boyle, in whom all learning did concentrate, tells us of a radical epilepsy that was cured by the powder of it, given, as much as a sixpence would contain, in black-cherry water, or beer, for some days near the full moon. Old Dr. Tristram, of Bell-Broughton, in Worcestershire, (a skilful botanist, one that understood the virtues of some herbs experimentally, as well as any man in England, and carrying on a great popular practice with simples, decoctions, &c.) used that mistletoe of the hawthorn, in cephalic cases, with strange success." (p. 133.) In another place, this very communicative writer, Westmacott, observes,—"Mr. Ray saith, that mistletoe will grow on *willow, nut, elm, hyme-tree, and others*, besides those it is commonly found on, as the *apple, crab, hawthorn*, and sometimes on *oak*. It may be tried, (as the ingenious and worthy Mr. Placston informed me, at Trentham, while I was writing on the willow,) by rubbing well the bark of a bough with a coarse cloth, or hair-cloth, then bruising and rubbing the berries of mistletoe on the place; for so a neighbour of his in Shropshire hath often made it to grow. It may do well to be tried on *oak*, which renders mistletoe so famous and virtuous." (p. 223.)

"The mistletoe does not, I believe," says Mr. John Denson, "admit of multiplication by engrafting, but only by the seeds, which

are born one in a berry, and when ripe at Christmas, may, by the very tenacious gum which envelopes them, or by bursting the skin of the berry by pressure, be readily and most permanently fixed into the chinks of the younger bark of those species of trees on which this plant grows. Usually, neither the frosts nor rains of winter will be able to dislodge the seeds, and in the following spring or summer, they will germinate. Two moderately sized mistletoe bushes are now [1832] growing, side by side, on a young pink-flowered hawthorn, in the old Botanic Garden, at Bury St. Edmunds, both of which emanated from a single seed, sown in the above manner on this tree, about seven years ago. The seed of the mistletoe occasionally includes two embryos, as does the seed of the onion, and of the orange; but it seems that of these two plants one is a male, and the other a female; for Mr. Turner, the curator of the above garden, informed me that one plant abounded in berries, whilst the other had not a single berry upon it. The cherry-laurel will nourish the mistletoe; I saw a mistletoe established on a laurel-bush, some years ago, in the garden of the Rev. E. Symons, Ovington, Norfolk."—*Magazine of Natural History*, (1832, vol. v., p. 505.) A writer in the "*Gardener's Magazine*," (vol. vii., p. 365,) says, that at Sutton Place, Ripley, Surrey, "the *poplars* and lime trees are eaten up with mistletoe, and he suggests that, as truncheons of poplar, planted early in the spring, root readily, the mistletoe may be easily established on any premises, by planting thereon truncheons of poplar, on which the mistletoe had previously become thoroughly established. The author of "*The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland*," speaks of "large branches of mistletoe, on the wild plum tree." In the "*Magazine of Natural History*," (vol. vi., 1833, p. 500,) Professor Henslow has published a sketch illustrative of his discovery relative to the reproductive economy of the mistletoe. "The specimen was cut," he says, "from a crab tree in the Cambridge Botanic Garden, particularly infested with this parasitic plant; and as it seemed impossible to suppose the numerous specimens which were upon the tree could all have originated from seeds scattered over the surface of the bark, I examined a branch, and found that a connexion existed between some of the plants upon it, by means of dark green strings extending from one to another through the substance of the bark. These strings gave off other portions of a lighter colour, at right angles to their own direction, into the woody part of the tree. I should think, therefore, that there can be no doubt of the mistletoe being propagated somewhat in the manner of those terrestrial plants, which, like the potato, possess rhizo-

mati, or, underground stems, from whose surface young plants are developed at intervals."

M. Dutrochet's experiments, concerning the seed of the mistletoe, have furnished new and striking proofs that the stalks of certain plants avoid the light.

It is a very general practice at Christmas time, to stick sprigs of holly, mistletoe, and laurel, about the pulpits and chandeliers of places of worship.

"All your temples strow
With laurels green, and sacred mistletoe."

The windows, chimney ornaments, and pictures in cottages and other dwellings, are also bedecked with sprigs of holly and mistletoe. It seems, from Clare's description of Christmas, in his "Shepherd's Calendar," that sprigs of *yew* and *box* are also sometimes employed, perhaps in his native county of Northamptonshire, as decorations on this day:—

"Each house is swept the day before,
And windows stuck with evergreens;
The snow is besom'd from the door,
And comfort crowns the cottage scenes;
Gilt holly, with its thorny pricks,
And *yew* and *box* with berries small,
These deck the unused candlesticks,
And pictures hanging by the wall."

The fine foliage of the holly in vigour and health, and adorned with its brilliant coral berries, imparts to this cold season the cheering aspect of a summer's verdure. Mr. Knapp tells us that in his part of Gloucestershire the Christmas holly-bush, hung from the ceiling, "is often the object of particular decoration, being surrounded by the translucent berries of the mistletoe, and those of the *ivy*, dipped in blue and white starch. But at this season I have noticed one remarkable decoration among the natives of the principality; a large white *turnip* is stuck as full as possible of black oats, so as to hide almost the substance in which they are set, and sometimes having compartments of white oats; and, being placed upon a candlestick, or some other elevation, on the mantel-tree, presents an extraordinary hedgehog-like appearance. The first adoption of this purely rural fancy and its designation I am perfectly unacquainted with; but, when it is well executed, it requires attentive examination to detect the device."

In several parts of Oxfordshire, says Aubrey, (in the Lansdowne manuscripts in the British Museum,) particularly at Laxton, it is the custom for the maid-servant to ask the man for *ivy* to dress the house; and if the man refuses or neglects to fetch in *ivy*, the naughty frolicsome lass steals away a pair of his breeches, and nails them up to the gate in the yard—an odd way of

publishing to the world a man's want of gallantry.

The laurel is a gay object in doors, but beware of its poison. It is curious to find that Miss Landon, whose death, at Cape Coast Castle, was suspected to have been caused by prussic acid, which abounds in this plant, should have penned the following verses in 1837:—

"Glorious and stately the ever-growing laurel,
Flinging back the summer's sunshine, defying
winter's snow;
Yet its bright history has the darkly-pointed
moral,
Deadly are the poisons that through its green
leaves flow."

Le Feuilleton of French Literature.

MARGUERITE.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN FRANCE," ETC.

(Concluded from page 369.)

THE dinner hour arrived; and Madame Chambel, firm in the promise she had made to M. Forton, sat down to table, and began to serve her husband, without helping herself.

M. Chambel looked at her attentively, and, finding that she did not renew her reproaches, and that her face exhibited no symptoms of the rage which had convulsed her whole frame in the morning, he imagined that she had some plot in view, and therefore determined to be on his guard.

"You do not eat," he said, calmly.

"I beg your pardon," Madame Chambel said, in helping herself; "I was thinking of something."

Chambel was on the point of asking her what she was thinking of, but being afraid of the answer, he changed the subject, and demanded—

"What else have we for dinner?"

"Some smelts," Madame Chambel replied, mildly; "I believe you are fond of them."

"Very!" Chambel replied.

"Ah! so much the better."

Chambel again looked in his wife's face; but he could see nothing of mockery in it, for she seemed all willing to please him.

"Oh, oh!" he said to himself; "from whence comes all this mildness?—there is some project afloat."

The dinner being finished, they both rose, and, without exchanging a word, went into the hall. Madame Chambel thought to herself that, as Pierre had spoken first at table, it was now her turn to begin the conversation.

"What success has the piece met with that we saw a fortnight ago?"

* Knapp's "Journal of a Naturalist," (1839) p. 372.

"O, none at all," Chambel replied.

"That is astonishing, for it seemed to me to be very interesting."

"Yes; it excited a little curiosity; but, like an enigma, when once the words were understood, all interest subsided. There was in it neither truth nor style, and it lacked that which is still more essential in a play—a knowledge of the human heart."

"Ah!" Madame Chambel replied, "the human heart is a mystery, and is not easy to understand; it must be a very difficult study."

Chambel cast his eyes upwards, when his wife continued, "That is to say, if it may be called one; for when we begin to study a science, an art, or a language, there is an established method for learning it: but how is the human heart studied? where do we begin, and where end? where is the certainty of our knowledge? and where the truthfulness of our deductions?"

This question was rather an embarrassing one for Chambel; but, determining not to disclose his ignorance, he replied—

"The human heart is an abyss which we may pass our lives in endeavouring to fathom."

"In that case," Madame Chambel said, "this study, judging from your previous conversation, must be to you one of never-dying interest."

Chambel did not answer; but, on seeing his wife sit down, he followed her example, in virtue of the following reflection:—"It appears that it is her intention to be exceedingly amiable. Ah! well! I must be the same."

"What are you doing?" Chambel said, smilingly, on seeing his wife with a piece of embroidery in her hand.

This question shook her resolution; for it was a pair of cuffs that she had promised to Madame de Morency, which she had lifted up without paying any attention to what she did. She hesitated a moment, and was about to tear them in pieces; but the thought struck her that she had promised to be calm, and she replied, as softly as possible,

"It is something that I promised Madame de Morency."

If the question moved Madame Chambel, her answer singularly stupefied her husband. The name of Madame de Morency had just been mentioned, and had not, as before, resounded like an alarm-bell for tears and hasty words. Chambel remained mute with surprise, and his wife, who guessed the cause of his astonishment, asked, in a soft and gracious manner,

"Do you think them pretty?"

"Very much so, indeed!" Chambel replied.

A silence then ensued, during which Chambel reflected upon the strange turn

that had come over his wife. At last the time came when, should they not have made a previous arrangement, they generally decided upon the manner in which they were to pass the evening.

"As for me," Madame Chambel said to herself, "I will neither ask him to go out nor to remain at home; he may do what best suits him;" while Chambel, becoming more uneasy than ever, thought—

"She is waiting till I go out; then she will effect her plans, for I am certain that all this strange conduct is only to put me off my guard." He therefore, convinced that she had some sinister motive in view, determined on remaining at home, and on keeping a strict eye on his wife: he drew his chair by the side of hers, asked for paper, pens, and ink, and began to write, while she busied herself in embroidering.

How often had they, before the name of Chambel was known to the public, passed the long evenings thus, and how often had Madame Chambel congratulated herself on the happiness of her lot as she gazed with delight upon the countenance of her husband as he was writing. She now thought of that happiness that had fled for ever, which had only left behind it a dreamy remembrance to contrast with her now sad and wretched lot. A tear at this moment stole down her cheek, and as she was wiping it away, her husband raised his eyes, and perceived what had occurred; no sooner had he done so, than he began again to write without paying any further attention.

Perhaps this was the first time that Madame Chambel felt the real sorrow of the soul; it was the grief of despair, which she would have expressed in these words, had she been able, "*Oh ciel!* he no longer loves me!" Yes, it was at this moment that her heart quaked to its core, for all that she lived for was lost to her; that for which she had sacrificed reputation, friends, and the happiness of a husband, was never more to be reclaimed—Chambel's love was transferred to another. She rose in a state of dejection, and went to her own room to give vent to her feelings in tears.

Chambel lifted his head, and, with the barbarity of a base man who does not believe in the truth of anything because he himself is a liar, said, in rising up, "Ah! the comedy is at last finished, and she has ultimately condescended to give me my liberty." He no longer thought of the projects of his wife, for he was too elated with the triumph which he had obtained. Satisfied with his own good conduct he left the house, and a few minutes afterwards was on his way to Madame de Morency's.

When he entered, Madame de Morency and Madame Ansier were engaged in close conversation. The two ladies had just dis-

covered that Jules was partly to blame for Madame Chambel's having so suddenly changed her jealous suspicions from Marguerite to Madame de Morency; that he had given Madame Chambel a letter of Marguerite's, which divulged the whole truth. They imagined that Chambel could get the letter, and would give it to them, for it would not be policy to leave such an evident proof of guilt in the hands of a woman like Madame Chambel.

No sooner had Chambel entered than Madame Ansier asked him if his wife had spoken to him about a letter of Marguerite's which she had received.

Chambel, in astonishment, inquired who had told them about it.

"We know it," Madame Ansier replied; "and it does not matter to you how; but knowing, as you do, that she possesses it, we are surprised that you allow her to keep it."

Chambel bit his lips, and, not replying, Madame Ansier continued—

"She may use that letter as a weapon against the honour of Madame de Morency."

"I will ask her for it," Chambel said; "but should she refuse, I cannot take it by violence."

Madame Ansier looked at Chambel as an experienced thief would do at a novice when starting some silly objection.

"Suppose you were jealous, and were determined on knowing the truth; would you calmly beg your wife to give up the proofs of her guilt; why, you must do as all other husbands would in a similar case; you can easily embrace an opportunity when she is absent. It is not difficult to force a lock."

Chambel started, and looked at both the ladies without uttering a word.

"Remember," Madame Ansier continued, "that we must have the letter to-morrow, for after that time the blow may be struck which your wife seems to be preparing."

Madame Ansier triumphed, for Chambel, on leaving, intimated that he would find the means of securing the letter.

Two days elapsed; but still no opportunity was afforded him to search the chamber of his wife, for she had scarcely quitted her room. Thus foiled in his purpose, he at last hit upon the expedient of taking his wife to the theatre, with the intention of leaving her there and of returning home to search for the letter. This plan was adopted. After some trouble he at last succeeded in obtaining the copy of it which Madame Chambel had preserved. Never did man feel so agreeably surprised as Chambel on reading this strange letter, which breathed so much love for him. All the efforts of his wife—all her persuasions—all that the world might have said, could not have extinguished the passion which he

had for Madame de Morency in so short a time as Marguerite's letter. Such was what Chambel said to himself on going back to the theatre to join his wife—

"Isaure was right; her instinct led her naturally to the truth, for it was of Marguerite that she was at first jealous; she knew the love that I inspired, and imagined that I was enamoured of a beautiful creature—one worthy of me. I can now account for Isaure's rage on finding out the person for whom I sacrificed her. My wife is worth twenty Madame de Morencys, and she was right in stating that I must be blind to fall in love with a woman that might be my mother in point of age. Poor Isaure! it is you who love me with pure affection—you who, notwithstanding your hasty temper, possess a noble and generous heart, such as a woman like Madame de Morency is not able to comprehend. Yes, Isaure loves me sincerely, and I must make her happy by breaking off the connexion between myself and Madame de Morency. It will be then easy to deceive her with regard to Marguerite."

Madame Chambel could not account for the absence of her husband. Why had he taken her to the theatre to abandon her, when it was his custom to leave her at home to spend the days and nights as she best could? Did he wish, after having broken the links of confidence and affection which ought always to have existed between them, to free himself even from that mark of respect which is so strictly adhered to by the higher classes—the being polite and apparently on good terms before the public. She, by turns irritated and overwhelmed with grief, was often on the point of leaving; but she had been observed by some who knew her, and the fear of having, in their eyes, the appearance of being neglected, caused her, in the midst of her sufferings, to look at the play with an air of delight.

Chambel at last entered, and, to her surprise, excused himself with manifest sorrow for his long absence; he said that, suddenly remembering that he had omitted to send some very important lines to the press, he was obliged to go to the office, and had returned as quickly as he could, angry with himself for having left her so long. He then spoke to her of what she had seen, listened attentively, replied with approbative smiles, and was so amiable that Madame Chambel felt pleased, and, in fact, was so happy that she had all but forgotten the past.

When she returned home, and began to think of the events of the evening, she said to herself, "Can it be true that patience and meekness have such power?" Then she turned over in her mind all that M. Forton had said to her, and concluded that Chambel was sorry for what he had done; that he

still loved her; and, for the first time for a long period, she felt reconciled to Pierre.

As soon as Chambel was alone, he took Marguerite's letter, and began to read it again in the height of pleasure. He brought to his remembrance the beautiful countenance of the orphan, her languishing looks, her smiles of grief; then, forgetting everything in his new passion, he wrote a poet's letter, beginning with these words:—

"You love me, Marguerite—I know it, for I have read the confidential letter which you sent to M. Forton. You love me; and though I loved you I did not dare to avow it, even to myself; for I repressed the wild throbbings of my heart, which your presence excited. How can I declare the love which we feel for an angel that has passed before our eyes, as in a dream? We might treasure in our hearts that sacred apparition as a sweet remembrance, but we could never venture to express our love. However, since you have descended to me, I will endeavour to make myself worthy of your affection."

To ensure Marguerite's receiving the letter safely, and to prevent his secret from reaching other ears, Chambel went next morning to the *Maison des Dames* to deliver it. On reaching the lodge, he saw a woman dressed in the robes of a nun, to whom he presented the letter, saying that it was for Mlle. Marguerite.

"From whom, Sir?" the woman inquired.

"From M. Forton," Chambel said.

"Very well, the letter will be given to the proper person."

Chambel returned home overjoyed at the success of his mission, and on entering the house a letter was put into his hands which requested his attendance at Madame de Morency's. He did not go, for he could not think of passing the morning without seeing his wife. A few moments previously, Madame Chambel had been melancholy, and had frequently asked herself if what had passed the previous night was not a dream. She knew that Madame de Morency had sent several times for her husband, and imagined that as soon as he had received the order, or request, he would go there; but when she found that he came straight to her apartment, she held out her hand affectionately, saying—

"Thank you, my dear; thank you."

Chambel, pleased with himself, breakfasted with his wife, spoke of the pleasures of the previous evening; and Madame Chambel, happy with her lot, blessed the day she had followed the counsel of M. Forton.

It seemed, however, that the impatience of Madame de Morency, who was told of Chambel's arrival, had attained a degree which knew no bounds; for Jules was sent to tell Chambel that his aunt was very

anxious to see him, that she had had several serious nervous attacks, and was still very ill.

Chambel could not refuse; he went to his wife, told her that he would be back in a few minutes; and on his entering Madame de Morency's, that lady said—

"Indeed, Sir, I owe you a thousand thanks for your attention. I had not the honour of seeing you yesterday; and this morning, when I asked you to come, you did not heed my request."

"I ask your pardon, Madame," Chambel said; "business of importance—"

"Such as taking your wife to the theatre," Madame de Morency said, interrupting him; "and making your box a turtle's nest in the eyes of the public."

"Madame!" Chambel said, with a haughty air.

"I only tell you," Madame de Morency said, "that you appeared very ridiculous."

"I do not know how a husband and wife, when appearing on good terms, should seem so very ridiculous."

Madame de Morency and Madame Ansier looked astonished. Chambel had appeared in a new character; he remonstrated with them, and even defended the honour of his wife to their faces. Madame de Morency, in anger, asked him if he had obtained the letter.

"I read it," Chambel replied; "and there is nothing in it that concerns you."

"When you give it to me, I shall be better able to judge."

"That is more than I can do," Chambel replied; "it does not belong to me."

Madame de Morency said in anger, "Will you give me the letter?"

"No, Madame."

"You see well enough that he has not got it," Madame Ansier said; "he dare not take it from his wife."

"I have done my duty, and I would advise you both to follow my example for the future."

Madame de Morency looked at Chambel, and without speaking, pointed imperiously to the door. He bowed, and left the house.

A moment afterwards Jules entered, and thinking that he had good news for his aunt, said that he had seen Madame Chambel, who told him that she had given Marguerite's letter two days ago to M. Forton.

"Two days ago!" Madame Ansier cried, "then M. Chambel has not seen the letter."

"Ah!" Madame de Morency exclaimed, "there is something mysterious in all this."

Next morning, Madame de Morency, determined on finding out whether the letter had been actually delivered to M. Forton, made up her mind to go to l'Abbé Norton's, who, in all probability, would be able to

give her some information respecting it. On entering, she found that there were upwards of twenty individuals waiting, and as it was a rule of the Abbot's to admit all by turns, she went to write her name in the entry book, along with the others. On looking over the list, she saw the words "Madame B——, mistress of the *Maison des Dames*." This was where Marguerite was! Madame de Morency, thinking that she might obtain some useful information, went immediately to a corner of the ante-room, where she found *la religieuse* with a bible in her hand.

"I ask your pardon," Madame de Morency said, "for disturbing you in your pious devotions; but I think I have the honour of speaking to Madame B——."

"That is my name, Madame."

"It is in your house," Madame de Morency continued, "that M. Forton has placed a young girl named Marguerite."

"You know her?" Madame B—— said, coldly.

"Yes," Madame de Morency replied, "I know her too well; she stopped two months with me."

"Ah! Madame de Morency, I presume!" the *superieure* said; then, after receiving a nod of affirmation, continued—"I know that you shewed great hospitality towards this girl, and have not been well repaid for your kindness."

After a short conversation, Madame B—— said that she had received a letter addressed to Marguerite, and, by the right of the establishment, had opened it. On finding that it was from M. Chambel, she had come to see M. Norton, in order that he might put a stop to that correspondence, which, were it known, might bring disgrace upon the establishment. She, however, was afraid that she would not be able to wait much longer, for she had sacred duties to perform towards some young people, who ought not to suffer for those who conduct themselves badly.

"There are not more than ten before you," Madame de Morency replied, with apparent anxiety; "but if you are not able to wait so long, you can give the letter to me; I will deliver it to the Abbot, and at the same time will tell him the reason of your departure."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you for your kindness," Madame B—— replied, on handing her the letter.

Madame de Morency looked at her charge with delight, and thought to herself that Chambel, who had behaved so basely towards her, was now in her power, that she could now punish him for his ingratitude.

At last, her turn came, and she was ushered into the presence of M. Norton. After ascertaining that Madame Chambel

had delivered the letter to M. Forton, she spoke of the one which Chambel had written to Marguerite, and of his infamous conduct in general. The Abbot replied coldly, that the staid habits of age were not expected to be found in youth, and that Chambel's great fault was, in loving one on whom another had a claim."

Madame de Morency replied, after hesitating a short time—

"Well, I will inform Madame Chambel of his conduct."

"I know no person," the Abbot replied, "better fitted for such a charge."

Madame de Morency, guessing that he levelled his words at her, walked rapidly towards the door, and disappeared, while the Abbot cried, "You have forgotten to give me the letter."

Madame, on reaching her house, shut herself up in her own room; and after swearing vengeance against Chambel, Madame Chambel, Marguerite, and M. Norton, she dressed herself, called the coachman, and told him to drive her to the Duke of V——'s.

We will now return to Madame Chambel, who, having observed that her husband was sad, and imagining that he had perhaps quarrelled with M. Norton on account of Madame de Morency, said—

"Pierre, if the Abbot has in any way been offended with you, and threatens to dismiss you from his service, you must not take it so much to heart. My fortune, which of course is yours, will enable us to live comfortably. Come, come, Pierre, be cheerful; although you may be stopped for a short time in your literary career, you will soon be engaged again in works better suited to your talent than the mere editing of a political journal."

At these affectionate words, Chambel assured his wife that she was wrong in her suppositions, as the Abbot was still his friend; that if he was at times dull, it was caused by indisposition.

This intelligence affected the happiness of Madame Chambel. Was she no longer loved? Did her husband regret having abandoned Madame de Morency. One evening as she was sitting alone, she was informed that M. Forton wished particularly to see her. She was struck with the downcast appearance of the venerable man, and said, on his entering,—

"You promised to call, Sir; and I thank you for your visit, as well as for the good counsel which you gave me."

"It has brought forth bitter fruit," M. Forton replied.

"No, Sir; I have nothing to complain of."

"How! you do not suspect him?" M. Forton said.

"What is it? Still deceived! O do speak, for mercy's sake!"

M. Forton considered a little; then said, "It is time that the truth should be told, and it is better for you to hear it from me than from any one else. But first of all, you must give me an explanation. I expect a true—"

"I was never addicted to lying," Madame Chambel said; "of all vices, that, to me, is the most detestable."

"That is not all, Madame; there was a secret betwixt us which you promised not to divulge."

"And I have kept it, Sir; far be it from me to do anything that would injure any young, innocent girl."

"Pardon, Madame; there is something in all this very inexplicable. Was Marguerite's letter sealed when you received it?"

"Yes, Sir," Madame Chambel replied.

"And from the moment that you received it till you delivered it to me, you had it always in your possession?"

"Yes; and carefully concealed."

"Well, Madame," M. Forton replied; "Chambel knows its contents."

Madame Chambel looked thunderstruck; rose, ran to her desk, opened all the drawers, turned over the papers, but could not find the copy of Marguerite's letter.

"O!" she cried, "the base man, to descend to such an act!"

"What is the matter?" M. Forton anxiously inquired.

"O! Sir, it is all my fault. Before I gave you the letter I took a copy of it; I do not know for what purpose; and it has been stolen from me,—stolen by Chambel."

M. Forton replied not, and Madame Chambel said sorrowfully, imagining that he was angry with her for what she had done—

"I swear to you, Sir, that I entirely forgot it."

"I believe you, Madame," M. Forton said; "but the mischief is not lessened on that account."

"What has happened?" Madame Chambel inquired anxiously; but before an answer could be given the servant brought her a letter. She trembled on seeing that it was in the handwriting of Madame de Morency; broke the seal, and her face became pale, as she read the following lines:—

"Since Madame Chambel has a *penchant* for stolen letters, perhaps I am conferring a favour upon her in sending this one."

She opened the enclosed letter. It was that which Chambel had sent to Marguerite. Madame Chambel read it amidst sighs and groans, then, handing it to M. Forton, said—

"If I have committed any faults, Sir, I have suffered severely. Woe to that woman who has been the cause of all this—woe to him who has deceived me! May ruin attend him! for he is insensible to the

wretchedness he has caused, and therefore ought to be punished."

"Madame, Madame," M. Forton said, gravely, "do not heap curses upon the head of your husband. Be calm, be pacified, and try to bear your afflictions with Christian fortitude, like that young, innocent girl, who is now for ever lost."

"Do I understand you," Madame Chambel cried—"lost, did you say?"

"You misunderstand me," the Abbot replied; "I mean to say that Marguerite is ruined because she has now no other shelter than that which I, who am poor, can give her; because she has no other friend than I, who cannot bestow upon her the comforts that she requires."

"What has taken place?" Madame Chambel said; "perhaps I am able to make up for her loss: I ought to do so—I wish to do it."

"This morning," M. Forton said, "was the time appointed for Marguerite to enter into the service of the Duke of V—; she went, accompanied by an elderly lady, but was refused admittance. She then returned to the *Maison des Dames*, but they would not allow her to enter, saying that they had no order for doing so. The poor girl thought of M. Norton, repaired to his house, told him what had taken place, and he—shame to him, and to all such who wear the robes of sanctity!—said that he was sorry, that he had done much for her, but would do no more. At last the dejected girl came to me, told me her story, and I received her with the warmth of a father's affection."

"And what has she done to merit all this?" Madame Chambel inquired.

"Only wrote me the letter which you intercepted; the one which has just now been so insolently sent to you, and which your husband wrote, was presented to the Duke of V—, who, on that account, refused to admit a girl into his house who kept up a correspondence with a married man."

A tear started to the eye of Madame Chambel, as she asked him his intentions with respect to Marguerite.

"I purpose, Madame," M. Forton said, "to leave Paris, to endeavour to procure an asylum for us both in the *Maison de Dieu*; but to do so I must borrow a few francs. May I ask you for them, Madame; it will not be long before I shall be enabled to pay you."

"When do you think of leaving Paris?" Madame Chambel demanded.

"This evening or to-morrow morning."

"Let it be to-morrow, at twelve; be ready, everything will be prepared for your journey."

M. Forton retired, expressing his gratitude for her kindness; while Madame

Chambel sat down, and was soon afterwards lost in thought.

Our readers are aware of the manner in which Madame de Morency wreaked her vengeance upon all parties; and that she had, by shewing the letter to the Duke of V——, thwarted M. Norton in his political plans. The Abbot, not possessing the Christian disposition of returning good for evil, had the following lines inserted in prominent letters at the top of the first column of his journal:—

“From to-day the management of this journal is confided to M. Chambel, in the place of M. de Morency.”

Probably Madame de Morency, foreseeing the result of her vengeance, had insinuated to the Duke of V—— that a man of his importance ought not to receive the word of order respecting his cause, but to give it, for the following paragraph was inserted in almost all the newspapers:—

“Serious contentions having arisen respecting the manner in which the friends of legitimacy ought to advocate their cause, M. de Morency has withdrawn himself from the journal of which he has for a length of time been the editor. In a few days a newspaper will appear under his management, destined to advocate the cause of legitimate monarchy.”

The same day, when all Paris was engaged with this important political news, a post-chaise stopped at the door of M. Forton. The worthy Abbot, being astonished at seeing Madame Chambel in the carriage, said:—

“You here, Madame!”

“Yes, Sir,” Madame Chambel replied; “in you I have found a friend, and it is my intention to take Marguerite as my daughter. I have lost Chambel’s love, which I can never regain, and have, therefore no longer a desire to live in Paris. I caused Marguerite to lose a protector; my fortune will make up for the loss.”

At the expiration of an hour they all three quitted Paris. It was rumoured afterwards that Madame Chambel had a young girl with her in the provinces who could never reconcile herself to the religious habits of a nun.

Miscellaneous.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

THE poetry of the Bible is that of imagination and of faith, it is the abstract and disembodied; it is not the poetry of form, but of power; not of multitude, but of immensity. It is not divided into many, but aggrandizes into one. Its ideas of nature are like its ideas of God. It is not the poetry of social life, but of solitude; each man seems alone

in the world, with the original forms of nature, the rocks, the earth, and the sky. It is not the poetry of action or of heroic enterprise, but of faith in a supreme Providence, and resignation to the power that governs the universe. As the idea of God was removed further from humanity and a scattered polytheism, it became more profound and intense as it became more universal, for the Infinite is present to everything:—“If we fly into the uttermost parts of the earth, it is there also; if we turn to the east or west, we cannot escape from it.” Man is thus aggrandized in the image of his Maker. The history of the patriarchs is of this kind: they are founders of a chosen race of people, the inheritors of the earth; they exist in the generations which are to come after them. Their poetry, like their religion, is vast, unformed, obscure, and infinite; a vision is upon it; an invisible hand is suspended over it. The spirit of the Christian religion consists in the glory hereafter to be revealed; but in the Hebrew dispensation, Providence took an immediate share in the affairs of this life. Jacob’s dream arose out of this intimate communication between heaven and earth; it was this that let down, in the sight of the youthful patriarch, a golden ladder from the sky to the earth, with angels ascending and descending upon it, and shed a light upon the lonely place which can never pass away. The story of Ruth, again, is as if all the depth of natural affection in the human race was involved in her breast. There are descriptions in the book of Job more prodigal of imagery, more intense in passion, than anything in Homer; as that of the state of his prosperity, and of the vision that came upon him by night. The metaphors in the Old Testament are more boldly figurative. Things were collected more into masses, and gave a greater momentum to the imagination.—*Hazlitt.*

SINGULAR SUPERSTITION IN AUSTRALIA.

A SORT of procession came up, headed by two women, down whose cheeks tears were streaming. The eldest of these came up to me, and looking for a moment at me, said, “Gwa, gwa, bundo, bal,”—“Yes, yes, in truth it is him;” and then throwing her arms around me, cried bitterly, her head resting on her breast; and although I was totally ignorant of what her meaning was, from mere motives of compassion I offered no resistance to her caresses, however disagreeable they might be, for she was old, ugly, and filthily dirty; the other younger one knelt at my feet, also crying. At last the old lady, emboldened by my submission, deliberately kissed me on each cheek, just in the manner a French woman would have

done; she then cried a little more, and at length relieving me, assured me that I was the ghost of her son, who had some time before been killed by a spear wound in his breast. The younger female was my sister; but she, whether from motives of delicacy, or from any imagined backwardness on my part, did not think proper to kiss me. My new mother expressed almost as much delight at my return to my family as my real mother would have done, had I been unexpectedly restored to her. As soon as she left me, my brothers and my father (the old man who had previously been so frightened,) came up and embraced me after their manner—that is, they threw their arms round my waist, placed their right knee against my right knee, and their breast against my breast, holding me in this way for several minutes. During the time that the ceremony lasted, I, according to the native custom, preserved a grave and mournful expression of countenance. This belief, that white people are the souls of departed blacks, is by no means an uncommon superstition amongst them; they themselves never having an idea of quitting their own land, cannot imagine others doing it; and thus, when they see white people suddenly appear in their country, and settling themselves down in particular spots, they imagine that they must have formed an attachment for this land in some other state of existence; and hence conclude the settlers were at one period black men, and their own relations. Likenesses, either real or imagined, complete the delusion; and from the manner of the old woman I have just alluded to, from her many tears, and from her warm caresses, I feel firmly convinced that she really believed I was her son, whose first thought upon his return to earth had been to revisit his old mother and bring her a present. I will go still further, and say, that although I did not encourage this illusion, I had not the heart to try to undeceive the old creature, and to dispel her dream of happiness.—*Captain Grey's Expedition in Australia.*

LAW AND PHYSIC AGAINST GOLD.

A NOVEL EXPEDIENT.

M. DE CLECY, a young law student, sole heir of a rich uncle enjoying an income of some sixty thousand (frances) a year, lived in a sufficiently miserable manner in a furnished lodging in the Rue des Grâs à Paris—his uncle allowing him a very scanty pension. Wearied of this mode of life, he resolved upon putting an end to it; and having consulted with an intimate friend, a medical student, wrote a letter to his uncle, in which he stated that finding himself very unwell, he was about to quit Paris and take

up his abode at his uncle's country residence, until his health should be restored.

The good uncle received him with open arms, and told him that every attention should be paid him until he recovered his wonted health and spirits.

"My dear uncle," replied the young lawyer, "I fear that all will be of no use. For I happen to know my complaint—which is tape-worm; and I believe that it has arrived at that pitch, that there is but one man in France capable of saving my life; that man is Dr. Dumolard, who, although a young man, already enjoys the reputation of being one of the first practitioners of the day in Paris.

"*Eh bien! mon garçon,*" was the prompt rejoinder of the good-hearted man, "we will send for him."

"Oh, the expense would be too great," interposed the considerate nephew.

"Am I not rich?" continued the now generous uncle, "that surely should not be a consideration. Write to Dr. Dumolard to come at once, and do for you all in his power."

Two days afterwards Dr. Dumolard, who was no other than the medical student, friend of the pretended *malade*, arrived at the uncle's chateau in the country, where he passed more than a week, and on the morning of the eighth day of his sojourn, he presented to the gratified eyes of the worthy old man the tape-worm extracted from the body of his nephew, and plunged into a bottle of spirits of wine. The sum he demanded for so successful a course of treatment, was only 6000 francs. The uncle could not do less than promptly pay his bill; and the young Clécy, perfectly cured of a disease which he never had, accompanied the doctor back to Paris.

A very short time, however, elapsed before the good uncle found that his hopeful nephew was living at a very extravagant rate, and incurring expenses to which his allowance was altogether inadequate. This opened his eyes to a suspicion that he had been "done;" and the suspicion soon received the fullest, if not the most satisfactory, confirmation. In order to be avenged of the false doctor, the old gentleman has commenced proceedings against him, for practising as a surgeon without being duly licensed, and this amusing affair will shortly come before the Police Correctionnelle for adjudication.

The Gatherer.

A Sound Inference.—Louis the Fourteenth, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Grammont happening to

come in at that instant, "Decide the matter," said the King. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How can you thus decide," asked the King, "without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

Fungi in the Human Head.—If we are to credit some microscopical observers, not only are all kinds of fermentation the mere phenomena of growth in minute fungi, but such plants are the cause of appearances in which they would be least expected. A. M. Gruby has lately announced his discovery, that the disease in the human head, called *tinea capitis*, or ring-worm, is produced by a parasitical fungus, composed of cylindrical branching threads, made up of oblong joints, arranged like the beads in a necklace. This author considers that this plant belongs, beyond all doubt, to the fungi, called by botanists *mycodermis*. He also assures us that he has found, in another disease of the skin, a second sort of *mycodermis*, quite distinct from the first.

Some idea of the force of the wind, and its effect on railway travelling, may be formed from the fact, that in consequence of the boisterous weather on Monday week one of the down trains did not arrive at the terminus at Southampton till two hours after its regular time. The greatest detention was experienced between Farnborough and Woking stations, where, notwithstanding the engine was put at its full power, it took nearly an hour to perform the distance of half a mile.

Ben Jonson.—There are no two names more distinct than those of the Scotch family Johnston and the English Johnson, yet in the spelling they are frequently confounded. Their meaning is entirely different, the one being a local surname, the other a patronymic. The name of the poet Ben Jonson, is properly Johnston. It is well known that he was descended from the Scotch family, Johnston. His grandfather was a gentleman of Annandale, the chief seat of the family—a circumstance stated by nearly all his biographers. This being the case, the name of the poet is correctly Benjamin Johnston, and consequently Scotland and the Johnstons have no small right to claim him as one of their illustrious sons. Much has been said regarding the orthography of Shakespeare; and, after all, to what does the difference amount? In the case of his illustrious contemporary the orthography is much more important, as there are two names so similar and yet so distinct.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Tobacco Smoking.—The "Inverness Courier" says, that in one of the ancient

chimney-pieces in Cawdor Castle there is a rude carving in stone of a fox smoking a tobacco pipe, with the date 1510. As it is generally believed that tobacco was first introduced into this country by Sir Walter Raleigh, about the year 1585, it is singular to find the common short tobacco pipe thus represented on a stone bearing date so much earlier. The "Courier" says, "there can be no mistake as to the date, or the nature of the representation. The fox holds the 'fragrant tube' in his mouth, exactly as it is held by its human admirers; and the instrument is such as may be seen every day with those who patronize the putty pipe."

Carrier Pigeons. A. D. 1099. — The secret of turning to account the peculiar instinct of these birds would appear to have been known and practised in the east at an early period. Maimbourg, in his History of the Crusades, relates a curious anecdote on this subject:—"As the Christian army continued its march, by the narrow passage which is between the sea and Mount Carmel, they saw a dove, which, having escaped from the claws of a bird of prey, who had let go his hold at the great noise made by the soldiers, fell half dead at their feet. There was found, tied beneath his tail, a small scroll of paper, in which the Emir of Ptolemais wrote to the Emir of Caesarea, to do all the harm in his power to the army of dogs who were about to pass through his territories, as he, more easily than the former, could hinder their passage."—G. M.

MAXIMS.

There is an affected humility more insufferable than downright pride, as hypocrisy is more abominable than libertinism. Take care that your virtues be genuine and unsophisticated.

If you put on a proud carriage, people will want to know what there is in you to be proud of. And it is ten to one whether they value your accomplishments at the same rate as you. And the higher you aspire, the more desirous will they be to mortify you.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behaviour will not conceal or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform. It is the concurrence of passions that produce a storm. Let an angry man alone, and he will cool of himself. Good humour is the only shield to keep off the darts of the satirist. If you have a quiver well stored, and are sure of hitting well between the joints of the harness, do not spare him; but you had better not bend your bow than miss aim.

GENERAL INDEX.

ABSTINENCE from Food, instances of long,
376

Acarus Pictus, 312

Accidents, Hints on the Prevention of, and
the Misdirection of Health, 260

African Females, 90

Alloway Churchyard, 119

Almshouses erecting at Ball's-Pond, Isling-
ton, 360

Animal Magnetism, 89

Ditto, Response of the Sacred Peniten-
tiary on the subject of, 252

Animals being their own Doctors, on, 294

Arab Chiefs, and the Pacha of Bagdad, the
two, 190

Balloon Ascent, a lady's account of a noc-
turnal, 188

Beautiful, the, 106

Beef-steaks, an essay, 86

Bentham, Jeremy, 222

Biblical Researches in Palestine, 159

BIOGRAPHY :

Birkbeck, Dr., 399

Chantrey, Sir Francis, 366

Dibdin, Thomas, 207

Jamieson, Dr., 106

Julius the Second, 211

Petrarch, 355

Ramus, Pierre, 259

Senhouse, Sir H. Le Flemming, 287

Socrates, 83

Sykes, John, Nelson's Cockswain, 14

Wilkie, Sir David, R.A., 51

Bird's-eye View of Australia, 21

Bishop and his Housekeeper, the, 70

Blarney Stone, the, 390

BOOKS : New :

A Grammatical Chart; or, a Key to
the English Language, 301

Archæologist and Journal of Antiqua-
rian Science, 174

Bentley's Miscellany, 172

Blackwood's Magazine, 185

Deformities of the Spine, 111

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-book
and Poetical Miscellany for 1842,
301

Fulcher's Poetical Miscellany, 301

Guy Fawkes, 200

Life, Health, and Disease, 330

Lights and Shadows of London Life,
288

Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular
Delusions, 364

Nina Sforza, 300

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Reposi-
tory for 1842, 366

Popular Lectures on Man, 158

The Bude Light, No. 2, 47

The Farmer's Encyclopædia and Dic-
tionary of Rural Affairs, 171

The Goodness of Divine Providence,
158

The Idler in France, 28

The Medical Casket, 186

The New Monthly.

The Pic-Nic Papers, 125

The Student's Self-Instructing French
Grammar, 142

The United Service Journal, 171

What to Observe; or, The Traveller's
Remembrancer, 94

Botheration Club, the, 77

British Museum, popular description of, and
its Contents, 344, 357, 387

Butterfly to its Captor, the, 86

Car-Drivers, Irish, 318

Cause and Effect, what does a Dog know
of, 159

Character and Condition of Woman, 87

Christianity—What has it done? 239

Christmas, and its Decorative Plants, 405

Clergy in the Kingdom of Naples, 175

Clot Bey's account of Egypt, 58, 74

Clarinda, Death of, 319

Coffee, the First Discovery of, 356

Comedians of the Emperor Paul I. of Rus-
sia, 371

Composition for Painting, method of pre-
paring and applying it in the manner
of the Ancient Grecians, 316

Connell, Grace, 285

Council of Ten, the, 109

Courtney, Right Hon. T. P., 78

Dæmonology of the Nineteenth Century,
149

Dinner-Table Story-tellers, 115

Dishclout, the, 297

- Double Marriage, the, 25
 Dramatic Author, the, 207
 Dule upo' Dun, 120
 Dyer, George, B.A., Recollections of, 281, 310
 Educational Errors, 63
 Fête at St. Cloud; or the Reminiscences of a Student, 23, 39, 55
 First Evening of Autumn, the, 61
 First Sorrow, the, 12
 Francis I. and Charles V., interview between, 371
 FEUILLETON, LE, OF FRENCH LITERATURE:
 La Bruyère, 235
 Lucy Butler; or the Alpine Rose, 250, 265
 Marguerite, 298, 325, 347, 361, 377, 395, 408
 Physiology of the Married Man, 138
 Romauld, the Poacher, 169, 198
 The Cottage Bonnet, 155
 The Streets of Constantinople, 183
 The Two Friends of the Pyrenees, 233
 The Waltz; or, The Distinguished Prisoners, 140
 Gems from Philosophers and Divines, 61, 76
 Genevieve, 44
 Geology, 132, 152, 382
 Glaciers, a Day on the, 196, 214
 Goddess of Freedom, 7
 Good Morning, 135
 Goodwin Sands, the New Fixed Light on the, 195
 Goodrich Castle, 296
 Goose, the, 302
 Grateful Feeling, 179
 Gravestone in a Shrubbery, on seeing a, 198
 Grocer of Bitsch, the, 104
 Groups from Wilkie's Village Festival—
 No. I. 99
 No. II. 115
 No. III. 131
 Gutenberg, statue of, 243
 Hermitage of the Rock, 103
 Hindu Mythology, 213
 How Much?—Who Suffers? 168
 Hungerford and Lambeth Suspension Bridge, 19
 Imagination, 231
 Indian Hospitality, 176
 Inquisition, the, 67
 Intellectual Dogs, 41
 Jeanne d'Arc, the House of, 387
 Jewish Shekel, 22
 Judgment and Death of Socrates, 83
 Julius the Second, 211
 Late Summer, 57
 Launch of her Majesty's ship Trafalgar, at Woolwich, 3
 Law and Physic against Gold—a novel expedient, 415
 Legend of the Border, a, 69
 Literature of the Age, the, 117
 Literary Responsibility, 92
 Lines, 180
 Lines on the Death of a Friend, 403
 Lovely Woman, the, 168
 Lowther Bazaar, 403
 Lucky People, 267
 Martyr's Memorial, the, 339
 Match Making, 383
 Merchant of Venice, the Origin of Shakespeare's, 255
 Miser, the, 137
 Missionary, the, 88
 Monkey, Gigantic, 400
 Moral Treatment of Disease, 238
 Mountain Boy, 229
 Mountain, Mrs., 78
 Mountain Village, 73
 Money-Change, the, 163
 Music, 125
 Music, the Effects on Man and Animals, 216, 245, 277
 Napoleon's Habits during a Campaign, 123
 Natural Monuments, Works of Art, &c., 15, 20
 Navigation, Important Inventions for, 254
 New London Parks, the, 42
 Newburn, the Adventures of Joshua, 349
 Newspapers, 237
 Niagara, the Falls of, 271
 Old Age, 12
 Old Saint Paul's, the Burning of, 276
 Original Lines, 360
 Orphan of Marseilles, the, 374, 390
 Parvenu, the, 91
 Pedestrian Travelling, 351
 Petrarch, Sonnets of, 262
 Poetical Revision, 19
 Poetry of the Bible, the, 414
 Poets and Poetry, 180
 Polar Star, the, 58
 Power of Genius, the, 142
 President's House, at Washington, the, 147
 Prince, Birth of the, 334
 Prince of Wales born without a Skin, a, 336
 Ratisbon, 327
 Recollections of Switzerland—No. I. Alpine Flowers, 135
 Recollections of Switzerland—No. II. Alpine Flowers, 263
 Revolution House, the, at Whittington, 275
 Red Man in a state of Demi-Civilization, the, 301
 Responsibility and Reward of Public Teachers, 124
 Rose, the, 308
 Royal Bards of Britain, 6
 Sailor Monkeys, the two, 72
 Saint Marylebone Bank for Savings, 344
 Saint Swithin's Day, 36
 Scripture and Geology, 99
 Sea Unicorn, the, 227
 Shakespeare, 191
 Shell Fish, 27
 Shops of London, 249
 Shooting Season, the Commencement of the, in Paris, 220
 Skeleton Actor, the, 330

- Skill of the Ancient Egyptians, 92
 Small Drams, 136
 Smith, Sir Sidney, and Napoleon Buona-
 parte, 369
 Solitary Confinement, 77
 Song to Miss L. S., 231
 Sterne, Reminiscences of, 229
 Stranger's Funeral, the, 117
 Summer Twilight, 166
 Sugar, 9
 Suicide, the, 15
 Superstition in Australia, singular, 414
 Suspension Bridge, Regent's Park, 232
 Swearing, 159
 Tempest, the, 250
 To a lady, on the death of her Youngest
 Child, 340
 Toad, the, 25
 Tower of London, Conflagration at the,
 291, 394
 Tower of London, the, 313, 332
 Tomlin, Sir Thomas Edlyne, 78
 Tragic Event, a, 367
 Vanvenarguis, 264
 Vinning, Louisa, 307
 Washington Irvine's Cottage, on the
 Banks of the Hudson, 35
 Washington, Rambles round, 323
 Washington, 286
 Watchman of Mount Etna, the, 166
 Waverley Novels illustrated, 8
 Well-Worship, 206
 Woman's Revenge, 341
 Wood Path, the, 151

THIRTY-FOUR ENGRAVINGS.

STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT OF

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.—*Frontispiece.*

- Acarus Pictus, 313
 Almshouses at Ball's-pond, Islington, 361
 Alpine Flowers—Gentiana, 264
 Blarney Stone, the, 393
 Blind Fiddler, the, Wilkie's, 49
 Constantinople, the streets of, 184
 Fête at St. Cloud, 24, 57
 Francis the First and Charles the Fifth, In-
 terview between, 370
 Gloucester House, Ludgate Hill, 249
 Goodrich Castle, 296
 Goodwin Sands, new Fixed Light on, 193
 Gutenberg, the Statue of, 242
 Guy Mannerling, Scene from, 9
 Hungerford and Lambeth Suspension
 Bridge, 17
 Inquisition, from a painting in the Louvre,
 65
 Jeanne d'Arc, the House of, 386
 Julius the Second, by Raphael, 210
 Lowther Bazaar, 402
 Martyrs' Memorial, 338
 Money-Changer, the, 162
 Mount Vernon, 322
 New Suspension Bridge, Regent's-park, 232
 Plotting Chair, the, 276
 President's House, Washington, 146
 Ramus, Pierre, awaiting his Assassins, 258
 Revolution House, Whittington, the, 274
 St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, 178
 Sea-Unicorn, the, 226
 Sculptured Doorway Arch, 388
 Scotch Church of St. James's, Ratisbon, 328
 Socrates, Death of, from a painting, by L.
 David, 82
 Tower of London, Conflagration at the, 290
 Trafalgar, the Launch of the, 2
 Vinning, Louisa, the Infant Sappho, 306

212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230

231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250